

He Was

by LEAJPEHP

Category: Walking Dead
Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort
Language: English
Characters: Carl G., Maggie G., Michonne, Rick G.
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2016-04-12 04:05:08
Updated: 2016-04-20 03:27:30
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:29:00
Rating: T
Chapters: 2
Words: 2,458
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Glenn. Gone. Grief.

1. He's the Reason

Hey dumbass. Yeah, you in the tank.

Cozy in there.

Woah! Not dead!

Nice moves there Clint Eastwood.

On the bright side, it'll be the fall that kills us. I'm a glass half full kind of guy.

I'm going with you. You can't do this on your own.

Delivered pizzas.

I got to go. Good luck dumbass.

Admit it, you only came back to Atlanta for the hat.

_We are them, Rick. _

Maggie said she loves me! I didn't say it back

Our people go in that row! We don't burn them, we bury them!

Rick kept himself locked in the room for three days after Glenn died. He relived everything he could remember about the boy- the man. Glenn was a man. He died a man's death, not letting out a single cry, doing it for the people he loved, and knowing it would be over soon. The one-liners came from all around, and the timelines mingled together until he couldn't tell when was when. He knew this was his fault. He

knew Maggie was curled up in the bed she used to share with Glenn, crying her eyes out. She has seen his unidentifiable body, and she had been forced to leave it behind. She was forced to go get fixed the Hilltop doctor, so that she could have the baby that he wouldn't be there to raise, the baby that might not survive, and that might take away the last piece of Glenn she had, since she insisted on burning that goddamn picture. Rick knew it was his fault.

"Goddammit Rick! Open the door!" Michonne hollered. She had been very patient. She hadn't bothered him. She'd brought him food each day, while he was asleep, didn't try to talk, and she took care of his children. It was clear she'd had enough. After five minutes without an answer, he heard her throw her weight against the door. It didn't give, but after two more tries, she was in the room. He expected her to be angry, scared, but she wasn't. She walked over to him and sat down on the floor in the corner with him. She crossed her legs and scooted close to him.

"I know this is hard honey, but you are scaring your people. Your son misses you, and Judith cries constantly without you. You need to take a shower, you need to eat, you need to compose yourself. Please."

He looked up at her pathetically.

"I'm going to start the shower. Then I'm going to take all the dirty dishes out of here, and when I come back, you'll be in that shower. Do you understand me?"

He didn't respond. Michonne sighed and stood up. She collected plates and went down to the kitchen. Carl sat at the table, stoic. He held Judith, who babbled on and on, clearly unable to grasp what was happening.

>Carl looked at Michonne as he heard her footsteps. "Is Dad-" he broke off.
"He's alive. He's really upset. I'm going to make him clean up, and then you can come see him."

>"I miss Glenn."
Michonne drew in a breath to choke back her own tears. It didn't hurt until she thought of him in his last few hours of life, sitting in that van with her.

>"He saved us, Carl."
"That makes it worse," Carl choked out.

Michonne refused to cry. "Take Judith to go see Maggie. She's alone too. I'll let you know when your Dad is ready, okay baby?"

>Carl stood up lethargically and Michonne let out a defeated sigh. "Sit down, you need to eat."
"Thanks," Carl muttered.

>About ten minutes later, Michonne set down a bowl of soup in front of him, and a Tupperware container. He looked at her and said, "Daryl's been at Maggie's house. Bring this to them?"
Carl nodded.

>"You eat first, okay baby?"
Carl nodded and Michonne kissed his head.

"I love you Carl."

>"Love you too, Mom."
She smiled at the affection, because it was very rare that he called her that.

He cried as soon as Michonne left.

Michonne walked up the stairs, relieved to hear the water still running. She walked into the bathroom with some new clean clothes for

Rick. She called his name and saw him sitting in the bottom of the tub.

She almost laughed at how stupid he looked, but thought better of it.

>"Baby, you left your socks on."
Dazed, he looked down at his feet and said, "Oh, would you look at that."

>"It speaks," she said, carefully surveying him. "Boxers too?"
He shrugged. She took a washcloth from the cabinet and turned off the water. It was still very hot and she dipped the cloth into the tub. She lifted it to his shoulder and began wiping his skin. She cleaned the dirt off of his chest, scrubbed the blood off of his hands, off of his abdomen, being careful on his bruises.

>He looked up at her and she smiled softly, "Hi honey." She brought the washcloth to his face and brushed the dirt out of his beard.
"I love you, Michonne," he said absently.

>"Hm?"
"I said I love you." While Michonne withdrew her hand from him and sat back on her heels, he continued, "Glenn told me, years ago, that when Maggie told him she loved him, he didn't say it back, even though it was true. I needed to tell you, in case-"

>"Shut up."
"I get it if you-"

>"I said shut up, so that I could tell you I love you too."<p>

Rick sat silently in the tub as Michonne cleaned him up. He protested at first, but she insisted. She pulled off his wet socks and said, "I can't believe you forgot to take them off."

"I miss him more than anything. He's the first one of the group that I met. I was stuck in a tank, in Atlanta, and he got me out of there. He saved my life, so many times."

>Michonne nodded sympathetically. "He was our humanity."<p>

Once she was done, she pulled the plug on the tub and watched the water drain. Rick stood and slipped off his soggy boxers, not even a little shy in front of Michonne. She handed him a towel and his new clothes.

Carl was at Maggie's house. He didn't know if he should knock. As he stood there debating he heard footsteps behind him. He whirled around, the baby Snugglie strapped to his chest with Judith in it, and a container of soup. He saw Enid sprinting past him and barging into the house. He followed her in and closed the door. Daryl was stirring on the couch, heavily under the influence of painkillers.

"Wha' the hell is going on?" he questioned.

>Carl shrugged and said, "I brought you soup."
His eyes lit up, "Is Carol back?"

>Carl shook his head, "Michonne made it, for you and Maggie."
Daryl nodded and said, "You mind if I go back to sleep?"

>Carl said, "Go ahead. Feel better."
"Thanks kid."

Carl walked upstairs. He took Judith out of the Snugglie and put that on the floor as he carried the baby to Maggie's room. He walked to the bed where Maggie was embracing Enid.

>"Hi Maggie," he said gently, getting ready to cry, seeing the young widow. "Michonne made soup for you."
He could have sworn she was almost smiling. Enid had tears on her cheeks. Carl looked at the girls for explanation.

>"I had a picture of Glenn," Enid explained as Maggie held it up. Maggie must have stared at it for twenty minutes. Her excitement waned as she realized that this picture still wouldn't bring him back. It was then that Carl could see the dark circles under her eyes, that she hadn't showered, and that she was thin. Maggie watched Carl watching her. Then she looked up at Carl and said, "Grimes, you better give me that baby." Carl handed Judith over and offered to heat up soup before he left.<p>

He took Judith back as Maggie ate slowly. Enid said, "I'll stay. Go see your dad."

Carl went up to his dad's bedroom when he got back. He knocked at the door and asked, "Can I come in?"

>Michonne answered, "Of course."
Carl walked in slowly, afraid of what his dad would look like. To his surprise Rick was somewhat clean. His hair was still out of control, but the dirt and blood were gone and he was in clean clothing. Carl walked to the bed and got in with his parents. Michonne held her hands out, waiting for Judith. Carl passed her off and Rick pulled Carl into a hug. Carl crawled into Rick's lap and held his father.

>"I'm so sorry son. I'm so sorry. I should have been there for you. I'm so sorry."
Carl began crying again. Michonne busied herself with Judith while Rick soothed Carl.

"This is so dumb," Carl muttered. "I shouldn't be crying anymore."

>"It's okay to miss him. We all do, and we all will for a very long time. He's watching over us."
Michonne piped up, "We all carry him in our minds. We remember him, and he lives on in us. You know that."

>"Why does it hurt so much?"
"Because you're human," Rick answered. "I would be more worried if you didn't miss him."

>Rick held Carl against his chest and Michonne pulled the covers over all of them. She held Judith and leaned against Rick. They grieved silently, breaking the quiet only to speak positive words about Glenn.<p>

"He's the reason I got you back Dad."

2. It's You

I'm Korean.

Delivered Pizzas.

One way or another, we're doing what Rick does.

We told him where the prison was.

Our people go in that row over there

Daryl laid on the couch until Maggie came down the stairs after the kids left. She nudged his arm, far away from his shoulder with the bullet wound.

>He grumbled and tried to swat at her until the pain restricted him.
"I need you to sit up," Maggie said quietly.

>He complied and slipped off his shirt. She carefully unwrapped the bandaging and cleaned the wound out with antiseptic. Then she stared

at it.
"What's wrong buttercup?" he asked.

>"This could have been Glenn, but instead it's you."
"Huh?"

>"HE COULD HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO JUST GOT SHOT IN THE SHOULDER! But instead it's you! It's you who's sitting next to me, whose wound I have to clean out, whose face I have to look at every goddamn day, as a constant reminder that HE IS DEAD!" She paused, before quietly continuing, "When I remember he's dead, I remember everyone else who is dead too."<p>

"You think it's my fault he's dead?" Daryl reacted.

>"No, it's just your fault that I never forget."
"Fair enough."

>Maggie continued cleaning the wound, and Daryl said, "Every day that I see Carl with Judith, I think of the brother I could have had in Merle. We were getting closer to that, and then he died. Every time I see Carl hold Judith, every time I see the picture of those kids on Rick's nightstand, and then it gets worse, because then I start to think about Beth."
"Why the hell do you think about my sister?" Maggie asked accusingly.

>"Not like that, farm girl. She kept me sane, I protected her. Carl and Judith do the same thing. Lil' Asskicker reminds the kid of his mom."
"I miss him."

>"I know."
"I felt the baby move yesterday, and I rolled over to tell Glenn, and he wasn't there. He's not going to be there. My baby won't have a dad."

>"Your kid can start a club with Asskicker."
Maggie couldn't help but laugh, her snot and tears spreading throughout her face, "You're terrible, Daryl Dixon."

>"Made you laughâ€¦ Did I ever tell you about me and Beth out on the road?"
"Not much."

>"I'll tell you this one day, she looks at me and goes, 'I need a drink.' So I toss the chick her water bottle and she goes 'A real drink.' I'm sitting there wondering if I'm imagining that water or something and she keeps going, 'As in alcohol.' So we spent the whole damn day looking for this 'drink' that she wants. The only thing we found was some peach schnapps." He wrinkled his nose at the drink. "I smacked it out of her hand, because no sister of Daryl Dixon is ever going to taste no damn peach schnapps. We hid out in this house in the woods and found moonshine, and at the end of it all, we burned the place to the ground."
"Beth? Beth Greene, helped you, Daryl Dixon, burn a house downâ€¦ with moonshine?"

>"I swear, it ain't a lie."
Maggie kept laughing and said, "God, I miss her."

>"I do too."
"I don't know who I miss more, because whoever I say, I feel guilty about missing the other less."

>"Glenn and I promised each other something."
"What?"

>"If I died, he'd look after Carol, but clearly that didn't happen, so here I am."
"You're here because of that shoulder."

>"Yeah, not like Carol or Michonne or anyone else could clean this out. Only you," he answered somewhat sarcastically.
She smiled good-naturedly, "I was sure it had something to do with the food everyone brought to the widow."

>"Well, that don't hurt, but I'm making sure you're not alone. Also, couch ain't half bad, better than the one that's at Tobin and Carol's, and this one don't come with Rick and Michonne moaning all night."
"Shut up," Maggie laughed. "They can't be that bad."

>"I assure you they can."
"Question."

>He looked at her, "You can only ask that if you close my wound and give me a pill."
Maggie taped new gauze over the mark and took a pill out of the bottle in her pocket.

>"Why you got those on you already?"
"They make it easy to sleep."
>"Maggie, don't do that."
"Anyway, why haven't you picked a house yet?"
>"Every town needs a freeloading bum, I'm getting society back to where it used to be. Since everyone's gotta do their part and all."
"You're not a free loader, Daryl Dixon."
>"Let me think what I want."
"Fine, but I want to hear another story about Beth in the morning."
>"Only if you don't take one of them pills."
"Deal."

End
file.